

The Tragedie

Went through the armie cheating vp the souldiers.

*King.* So I am satisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,  
I haue not that alacritie of spirit,  
Nor cheare of minde that I was wont to haue:  
Set it downe, Is Inke and paper readie?

*Rat.* It is my Lord.

*King.* Bid my guard watch, leaue me,  
Ratcliffe about the mid of night come to my tent  
And helpe to arme me: leaue me I say.

*Exit Ratcliffe.*

*Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.*

*Dar.* Fortune and victorie sit on thy helme.

*Rich.* All comfort that the darke night can afford,  
Be to thy person, noble father in lawe,  
Tell me how fares our noble mother?

*Dar.* I by attorney blesse thee from thy mother,  
Who prates continually for Richmonds good,  
So much for that, the silent houres steale on,  
And flakie darknesse breakes within the East,  
In brieft, for so the season bids vs be:  
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,  
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement  
Of bloudie strokes and mortall staring warre,  
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,  
With best aduantage will deceiue the time,  
And aide thee in this doubtfull shooke of armes:  
But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
Lest being scene, thy brother tender George  
Be executed in his fathers sight.

Farewell, the leisure and the fearefull time,  
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,  
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,  
Which so long sundered friends should dwell vpon,  
God giue vs leisure for these rights of loue,  
Once more adiew, be valiant and speed weell.

*Rich.* Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:  
He striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,  
Lest leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,  
When I should mount with wings of victory:  
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen.  
O thou whose capaine I know

*Exeunt.*

of Richard

Looke on my forces with a grace  
Put in their hands thy brusing lance  
That they may crush downe with  
The vsurping helmet of our ad  
Make vs thy ministers of chastit  
That we may praise thee in thy  
To thee I do commend my wat  
Eere I let fall the windowes of mi  
Sleeping and waking, oh defend

*Enter the ghost of prince E*

*Ghost to K. Ri.* Let me sit hea  
Thinke how thou stabst me in m  
At Teukesbury: dispaire therefo

*To Rich.* Be cheerefull Rich  
Of burchred Princes fight in thy  
King Henries issue Richmond c

*Enter the ghost of*

*Gho. to K. Ri.* When I was morta  
By thee was punched full of hol  
Thinke on the Tower, and me:  
Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire

*To Rich.* Vertuous and holy  
Harrie that prophesied thou sho  
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe

*Enter the Ghost*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heauie on th  
I that was washt to death with ful  
Poore Clarence by thy guile bet  
To morrow in the battell thinke  
And fall thy edgelesse sword, disp

*To Rich.* Thou offspring of the  
The wronged heires of Yorke d  
Good Angels guard thy battell, l

*Enter the Ghost of Rich*

*Rich.* Let me sit heauie on thy  
Riuers that died at Pomfret, disp

*Gray.* Thinke vpon Gray, an

*Vaugh.* Thinke vpon Vaugh  
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and